CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

We are Ambassadors for Christ....Be ye reconciled to God.

VOLUME II. NO. 2. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1848. WHOLE NO. 54.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

Wm. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

TERMS: $2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE 140 FULTON STREET, SECOND FLOOR.

Original.

MORE TOLERABLE AT THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY THE REV. O. A. SKINNER.

"Wo unto thee, Chorazin! wo unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom, in the day of judgment, than for thee." Matthew, xi. 21—24.

The Bible abounds with prophetic maledictions against cities and nations. God in his infinite condescension, not only gave the law for the government of his people, but he disclosed by the voice of prophecy the fearful judgments which were to come upon all who slighted his law. Look at the predictions against Nineveh and Babylon, Tyre, Capernaum and Jerusalem. Look also, at the exact and fearful fulfilment of all these predictions. Jehovah gives no false alarms.

Our text contains predictions against towns standing in the time of the Savior. In these towns he had preached the Gospel, and performed many wonderful works. But the people were bound in sin—they would not receive his word—they went on in their vicious practices, regardless of his warnings; and as a consequence the woes he predicted were all realized. In the wars between the Jews and Romans, Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum were so completely desolated, that it is difficult to determine their location. Well might the Savior, therefore say, alas! for thee, Chorazin! alas! for thee, Bethsaida! and alas! for thee, Capernaum! He saw that they were doomed places, that the hand writing was against them, and they were treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

But I have no room for reflections of this character. It is my business in this article, to explain the text, and show its true signification. You are aware of the sense in which it is generally understood, and of the use to which it is generally appropriated. The Savior is supposed here to teach that there is a day in eternity when all men will be judged according to their deeds, and a part doomed to endless woe, and a part received to endless life. It is thought that there is no doubt respecting this, because he says—*It shall be more tolerable in the day of judgment.* This language, it is said, teaches expressly, that there is a day of judgment in eternity, and that Sodom, and Gomorrah, and Tyre and Sidon will then be judged according to their deeds. The only evidence however that can be offered to sustain such a position is in the phrase, *shall be more tolerable*; in other words, in the *tense* employed. Everything else is against the popular application; and in the discussion of this subject I propose to present the arguments against it.

Before doing this, however, I wish to say,

1. That the tenses in the original of the Scriptures are not used with sufficient precision, to justify us in building an argument on the tense here employed. We have positive proof of this in our text. Thus Jesus says, "If the mighty works which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes." According to the strict construction of the tense here employed, Tyre and Sidon were in existence when the text was spoken. Observe; they would *have repented long ago.* Now although this tense implies that Sodom and Gomorrah, and Tyre and Sidon were in existence when the text was spoken, we all know that they had been destroyed for many centuries. All, therefore, who say that the use of the future tense proves that the judgment is in eternity, are requested to explain why the present tense was employed in speaking of Tyre and Sidon, since the use of that implied that those cities were then existing.

We find a similar latitude in the use of tenses in Ezek. xvi. 46: "and thine elder sister is Samaria, she and her daughters that dwell at thy left hand: and thy younger sister that dwelleth at thy right hand is Sodom and her daughter." Here Ezekiel represents Samaria and her daughters as *dwelling* at the left of Jerusalem, and Sodom as dwelling at the right. Observe the tense; *which dwell at thy left hand; which dwelleth at the right hand.* Here the *present tense* is employed, and Samaria and Sodom are represented as then existing, even though they had been destroyed for a long time. Does this show that we can build an argument with entire safety on the use of the tense? Does it not show that there is such a latitude employed in the use of the tenses as to render them wholly unsafe as a critical guide?

Perhaps you will reply; Ezekiel, in speaking of Sodom and Gomorrah, used the present tense, because by representing them as existing by the side of Jerusalem he gave greater effect to his figure, and set the sins of Jerusalem more strikingly in contrast with those of Sodom and Gomorrah. True—So I would say, Jesus in our text used the future tense, because by putting the different places side by side and representing their punishment, as taking place at the same time, rendered his figure more striking, and the contrast between the places mentioned more distinct. Hence he speaks of Sodom and Gomorrah, Tyre and Sidon, as still in existence, and doomed to punishment, and he represents them as being punished at the same time with Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum. And yet Tyre and Sidon had been destroyed for centuries, and their punishment was inflicted centuries before. In doing this, he employed no more latitude in the use of the tenses than Ezekiel in saying, 'which dwell at thy left hand.' Thus no argument can be built on the tense.

2. The views advanced respecting the tense will be

confirmed by considering the opinions of the best commentators.

Hammond says, Jesus did not speak of the day of judgment to come, but of that day when Sodom was overthrown by the shower of fire and brimstone. His paraphrase reads thus: "I assure you, the punishment or destruction that will light upon the city will be such, that the destruction of Sodom shall appear to have been more tolerable than that." Pearce gives the same. He says it has no reference to a day of general judgment, but to the day of the destruction of the Jewish state. The sense, he says, seems to be this: "That which formerly befell Sodom and Gomorrah, was more tolerable than what shall befall this city." Wakefield says ——"not *the* day of judgment, but a day of judgment, punishment or trial." This, he says, is undoubtedly the sense of the phrase, which has not the least reference to the day of general judgment. All that our Savior intends to say is —that when the temporal calamities of that place come upon it, they will be far more severe than those of Sodom and Gomorrah. Dr. Clark says—"perhaps the meaning is not the day of the general judgment, nor of the destruction of the Jewish state by the Romans; but a day in which God should send punishment on that particular city for their crimes"

Hammond, Campbell, Pearce, Kenrick, Clarke and others, say—the phrase *brought down to hell*, means that state of desolation and wo to which Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum should be reduced. If the opinions of these able and learned men are to be received, we are unquestionably right in the views for which we contend; and are fully justified in saying our text gives no countenance to the idea of a judgment in the eternal world.

But I must not dwell longer here, and will therefore proceed by presenting the reasons in favor of the application of the text already made.

1. The Old Testament Scriptures are silent with regard to any punishment to be inflicted upon the people of Sodom and Gomorrah, Tyre and Sidon, in eternity. Look at the Old Testament, and read the accounts there given, and you will find not a word on the subject. Now surely if these places were liable to endless misery it was injustice to them not to have it fully revealed by the prophets. It is admitted that God cannot justly inflict a punishment greater than he has ever threatened. But search the Old Testament through, and you cannot find the doctrine of endless misery. It is plain then, that the punishment spoken of in the text cannot be greater than any threatened upon those people in the Old Testament.

2. The punishment mentioned in the text, is threatened upon cities. I wish all to mark this very distinctly. It does not say, it shall be more tolerable for the *sinners* of Tyre and Sidon than for the sinners of Chorazin and Bethsaida; but it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon. Now there is only one construction that can be put upon this language. There is no rule by which you can refer it to the other world. It is impossible to discover the least propriety in speaking thus of Tyre and Sidon, if the punishment threatened is to be endured in eternity. The Tyreans and Sidonians did not retain their corporate capacity when they entered the future world. You could not say, therefore, the city of Tyre shall be placed at the bar of God in eternity. All national judgments must be experienced where nations exist—they must be on the earth. The fact, therefore, that the text says, *It* shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, shows its fulfilment on earth.

And this, let me say, is the common application of the text, among all who have written upon the fulfilment of prophecy. They have shown how wonderfully the prediction of Isaiah was fulfilled in regard to Tyre; a prediction uttered when Tyre was one of the most flourishing cities of the earth. They have shown also, how Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum, were all destroyed as Jesus predicted. Now are those writers correct in referring these predictions to the temporal overthrow of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum? I believe they are, and I look upon those ruins as demonstrative proof of the truth of Christianity.

3. The text proves that the punishment of which it speaks is a temporal punishment. To my mind, it affords the most satisfactory proof of this which could possibly be given. "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom, in the day of judgment, than for thee." In what sense was Capernaum exalted to heaven? When we have answered this question, we shall know the sense in which it was to be brought down to hell. Capernaum was exalted to heaven as it regarded its religious privileges. There Jesus preached and wrought his miracles. There his bright examples were seen, and his voice of love was heard in calling sinners back to duty and God. *Shalt be brought down to hell*, means shall be brought to a state the opposite of that in which they were placed, shall be reduced to a state of abject degradation.

Dr. Barnes says—"The phrase, shall be brought down to hell, does not mean, that all the people should go to hell; but that the city which had flourished so prosperously, should lose its prosperity, and occupy the lowest place among cities. The word hell is here used, not to denote a place of punishment in the future world, but a state of desolation and destruction as a city. It stands in contrast with the word heaven. As their being exalted to heaven did not mean that all the people should be saved, so their being brought down to hell refers to the desolation of the city. Their privileges, honors wealth, &c. should be taken away, and they should sink as low among cities as they had before been exalted.—This has been strictly fulfilled. In the wars between the Jews and Romans, Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum were so completely desolated that it is difficult to determine their former situation."

Such is the explanation given by Dr. Barnes. This brings me to an important question. Is not all the punishment that is threatened against Capernaum, contained in the expression *shall be brought down to hell*. Of this, I have no doubt—the expression, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, or Tyre and Sidon, expresses not so much the punishment, as its *degree*—it shows as Capernaum was more wicked than Tyre and Sidon, its punishment would be greater. The day of judgment or punishment therefore to Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum, was the day when they were brought down to hell, or when overwhelmed for their iniquities

---

Original.

THE SUSTAINING POWER OF RELIGIOUS TRUST.

BY W. A. S.

In his infancy man is the most helpless of all creatures. And however his riper age and mature faculties may demonstrate his superiority over the other orders of created beings, he still exhibits abundant evidence of his frailty and dependence. His noblest resolutions often fail of execution, and the force of mere animal propensities binds him down to the most grovelling pursuits. "The good which he would, he does not, and the evil which he would not, that he does." The impracticability of fondly cherished plans mocks all his efforts, and bitter disap-

pointment succeeds the most sanguine expectations. He is constantly surrounded and affected by circumstances over which he has not a control. The devouring element, in an unexpected moment, lays waste the labor of years. "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away." Those to whom he is bound by every endearment of social life, despite of human skill and human efforts, decline and die, and he is left to bewail the rupture of the strongest, yet tenderest ties of nature and of friendship, and to mourn over the desolation and loneliness occasioned by these sad bereavements. He "knows not what a day may bring forth," either to others or to himself; and when events occur, he seldom comprehends the reasons of their ordination. Their relations, their tendencies, their final results, are often hidden from his view. To his feeble vision, the dispensations of Providence are enveloped in "clouds and darkness." The "ills which flesh is heir to" impress him with a fearful sense of his own impotency, and impel his fainting, sinking spirit to seek a refuge under the shadow of the Almighty's wing.

"I had *fainted*," said David, in reference to his troubles and sorrows, "I had *fainted*, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." A firm trust in the divine goodness sustained his soul under trials and afflictions which had otherwise overwhelmed him. Mere human counsel, and sympathy, and aid, however valuable and desirable in their place, are poor in comparison with the deep wants, the imperious demands of the spirit, when oppressed with the heavy weight of its bereavements and distresses. Its thoughts and affections must be elevated above all earthly and transitory things, to those of a heavenly and immortal nature; its reliance must be devoutly and religiously placed on God—it must "*believe* to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." *To see*, that is, to *experience*, as the expression in scriptural use often implies. "O *taste*," says the Psalmist, in another place, "O *taste* and *see* that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him." *To see the goodness of the Lord*, not as a mere abstract principle, not in a partial manifestation to a selected favorite, but in its characteristic universality and impartiality and immutability, in its intimate, inseparable relation to *himself, in connection with those whom he holds dear*, with *the living* whom God loves and blesses always, here and hereafter. Nothing short of this religious trust in the goodness of the infinite God and Father of all, is fully adequate to sustain and console the human spirit in the vicissitudes through which it is called to pass in this mortal life. And O! how invaluable to man in his weakness and dependence, is a faith so fraught with comfort and support, and peace, even that passeth understanding! for those who cherish it and know its divine power.

"Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot cure." It will shed light upon the darkest scenes, and cause a sacred and perpetual joy to spring up in the heart which has been touched by the chastening influence of affliction. It will raise the soul to a sweeter and holier communion with the great Parent Spirit, entwine the social affections of all more closely around each kindred heart, and constantly impart to the believing mind a blessedness which the "world cannot give nor take away." It will render effulgent the "valley of the shadow of death," and gild the everlasting future with the radiance of the glory of God.

Original.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.

Br. Bulkeley:—In looking into the Messenger today I was both surprised and gratified to see that two societies had lately been formed in Sullivan County, one at Fallsburg, and the other at Monticello.

How short a time does it seem to be since the seed of Universalism began really to spring up in this county. It is true there have been Universalists there for a long time, but I suppose that such a thing as forming a society was hardly thought of two years ago.

Well do I remember the tour I had the privilege of making with you through this county, nearly two years ago, and the eagerness with which many listened, for the first time, to the doctrine of God's impartial goodness, and the final salvation of the human race; and I rejoice to know that they did not depend alone on what was said by the preacher, but searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so. The believers in Universalism were then few and far between; and I rejoice to see that Br. Whiston has met with such manifest success.

I think Sullivan County is a good field for Universalism to flourish in; not that the people are more intelligent than in other parts of the State, but they are less bigoted there than in many other places; they are willing to hear the truth, and I believe they are not disposed to lock it up in their breasts, while thousands about them are suffering for the want of it.

I trust that the formation of these two Societies may be the beginning of better things in Sullivan County. If I could speak a word in the ears of these friends I would say, brethren, be strong in the Lord; cherish these two vines which I trust are of God's own planting, with tender care; be faithful to your trust; assemble yourselves together before the altar of the Lord, and with reverence and Godly fear, pay your devotions to Him who is the Father of our spirits, and the giver of every blessing.

Be zealous in defence of the great and glorious truth that God will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth; let the spirit of Christ, our Master, be in your midst and influence you in all your dealings with one another, and with the world; and God shall crown your efforts with success, and you shall have the satisfaction of seeing many desert the bitter streams of false doctrine and sin, and come up to the fountain of living waters, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst.

Moses Goodrich.

Clinton, Oct. 25.

Original.

JUDGE NOT.

BY REV. HENRY LYON.

Our Savior said, "judge not," and the Apostle Paul declared, "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself." We will immediately discover the reasonablenes of the above if we call to mind the fact that *all* are sinners. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good and sinneth not. If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. There is none righteous, no not one." These declarations of scripture accord with the universal experience and observation of mankind. Where is the individual who is not, at least in some degree, under the influence of evil? Such an one cannot be found on earth. Pretensions of this kind are sometimes made; but it requires, to do this, a degree of presumption seldom found, and to which Jesus himself laid no claim. He said, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." Those who claim absolute perfection should learn a lesson of humility from Jesus Christ, and then they will cease to make professions beyond our great Master himself. No earthly beings are sinless. The *whole world is guilty before God.*

Now, as *all* are guilty, what right has any one to judge and condemn another? How would it appear for one convict in the State Prison to call others in the same prison rascals, when, perhaps, he himself is the greatest villain among them? All can see the absurdity of this. Well, as the inmates of the penitentiary are all guilty in the sight of men, so all mankind are guilty in the sight of God. Is it not improper then, that we should condemn and denounce each other?

Yet it is very common for men to sit in judgment on their fellows, and to be very severe in condemning their motives and conduct; and it not unfrequently happens that those who assume the character of judges, are more vile than they who are so unsparingly denounced by them. How appropriate to such are the words of our Savior: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite! first cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brothers eye." It should be our business to cleanse our own hearts, to correct our own lives, before we condemn others; and if we do this first it will be a long while before we sit in judgment on our fellow creatures. We are not sufficiently well acquainted with all the circumstances by which men are influenced, and the motives by which they are governed to enable us correctly to judge of their guilt; and we should leave this to Him who knows all things, and will render to every man according to his works.

But are there no circumstances under which it is proper for us to judge to any extent? Are we to understand the prohibition, *judge not*, in its most literal and strict sense? Then all our laws should be repealed, our courts of justice abolished, our prisons torn down, our governments annihilated, and every one allowed to do as seemeth right in his own eyes. It needs no prophetic vision to tell that the consequences resulting from such a state of things would be intolerable. Society, property, life, everything would be unsafe in the jubilee of wickedness that would ensue. Certainly Christianity was not intended to sanction such a state of things.

The Bible is addressed to us as rational beings, and we are expected to exercise our reason in interpreting its commands. When it tells us to *resist not evil*, we do not understand this without restriction; for we know there are circumstances under which we should resist evil, and indeed, that we should always, in a proper way, resist it. Neither should we understand strictly the command *judge not*. It is said, "by their fruits ye shall know them." But how can we know men by their fruits, if we are never allowed to judge? Plainly then, we may judge, so far as is necessary to protect ourselves and society from wrong—so far as is required to defend the right and promote the truth.

But beyond all that is required for these purposes, there is much judging done, much condemnation dealt out, and much bitterness of feeling, much contention and unhappiness occasioned thereby. This is all wrong; and in all such cases, the reproofs of Scripture before cited, apply with with great propriety. Let all this judging cease, especially among professing Christians; and instead thereof, let the Charity of the Gospel prevail; and peace and happiness will ensue.

Williamsburgh, L. I.

MINUTES

Of the Proceedings of the Chenango Association of Universalists for 1848.

Met according to adjournment in S. Bainbridge, September 6. Organized, by choosing Br. C. L. Shipman, Moderator, and Br. B. S. Hobbs, Clerk. United in prayer with Br. Morey. The standing Clerk reported that one conference had been held at Preston, and one at Upper Lisle, during the past year. Committee on Discipline reported no complaint. Report accepted. Committee on fellowship and ordination reported in favor of the ordination of Br. Hobbs at such time and place as he may designate. Report accepted. Appointed Brs. Goodrich, Carey and Per Lee, committee on Discipline. Appointed Br. Goodrich to receive requests for conferences during the year, and appoint the same.

Appointed Brs. Goodrich and Peck, clerical, and Brs. Lamb and Shaddock, lay delegates to the next State Convention. Appointed Br. Peck to preach the next occasional sermon. Committee on adjournment reported in favor of Columbus. Report adopted. Committee on fellowship and ordination reported in favor of continuing the name of Br. S. E. Darrow as a candidate for the ministry according to his request, for another year. Report adopted. The following preamble and resolution was presented by Br. Goodrich, and adopted.

Whereas, the Standing clerk was authorised at the last session of this Association to appoint a meeting to form a Sabbath School Conference within the year, and whereas, he has neglected to appoint such meeting, because in the opinion of those interested there has been no period when such meeting would have been so well calculated to be of material benefit to the cause; therefore,

Resolved, That he be instructed to call such meeting whenever and wherever he may deem it most expedient, and that Br. Shipman be selected then and there to deliver an address upon Sabbath Schools. The following resolutions were also adopted.

Resolved, That the confession of faith, adopted by the General Convention, in 1803, be for the time being, adopted by us throughout this Association.

Resolved, That we have full confidence in the ability, acquirements, Christian faith and character of Br. C. F. Dodge, who has labored one half the time during the past year within our bounds, and that we cheerfully recommend to the Susquehanna Association, within whose limits he has removed, to grant him ordination at such time and place as he may request.

Voted, That the clerk be requested to prepare the minutes for publication in the denominational papers of this state, accompanied with such remarks as he may deem necessary and proper.

Voted, That we adjourn, to meet again at Columbus, the first Wednesday and Thursday in September, 1849.

C. L. Shipman, Moderator.

B. S. Hobbs, Clerk.

Preachers Present.—J. S. Palmer, D. S. Morey, J. B. Gilman, E. E. Guild, C. L. Shipman, J. T. Goodrich, C. F. Dodge, A. Peck, C. M. Patterson, B. S. Hobbs.

Sermons were preached in the following order. By Br. Shipman, (Occasional,) Patterson, Hobbs, Palmer, Peck, Guild and Morey, followed with a closing address by Br. Goodrich.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH—NO. XX.

Zurich, Switzerland,
August 7, 1848.

Brs.:—We left Frankfort with some regrets, having been called upon during our absence at Giesen, by Mr. Telkampf, formerly a Professor in Columbia College in our city, but now a member of the German Parliament, from Breslau. While in our country he was a member of the Ex. Committee for the abolition of the gallows. There were also some others we wished to see, but having promised to overtake our American friends, we were compelled to hasten on our way.

In three hours, by railroad along the valley of the Rhine, we reached Heidleberg. The morning was beautiful and the scenery charming. Near the town we passed through several corn (maize) fields, of considerable extent, which, being the first we had seen, reminded us of our "dear native land." The likeness was enhanced by the appearance of distant hills on both sides of the valley. The road lies at some distance from the river and passes through no villages of much consequence.

Heidleburg is romantically situated and has the finest old castle in the world. It is situated on the Necker, in the bottom of a narrow valley, with lofty hills rising abruptly on either side. On the east the mountains soon close the prospect, but at the west there is a fine view of the Rhine valley. The old ruin, in a tolerable state of preservation, stands upon an eminence projecting from the hills back of it, some two hundred feet above the town, and is reached on one side by a continuous flight of stairs and on the other by a carriage road. Being tired of these old castles, I forbear a description, and turn to a subject of more interest to me, and probably to you.

Dr. Credner gave us a note to the celebrated Dr. Paulus, the first advocate of what is generally called German Rationalism. We called at his house, and sent up our card. We were asked in. Soon a venerable old man, of a stature small and lean, entered the room. We soon entered into conversation. I informed him who I was and what my vocation. He at once replied that he was a Universalist and had been these sixty years. He proceeded to give an outline of his views, speaking as plain German as possible and working, in all the English at his command; we reversing the cases so that we got along very intelligibly. His views were essentially Rationalistic, in the true sense of that term. He spoke of Jesus Christ, of his relations to God and the world, of the Bible, the New Testament, the Miracles, &c. &c. I learned from him the origin and ultimate of all doctrines, which pass for novelties in our country and in England, and to which some lay claim by right of discovery. So far as the final condition of mankind is concerned, he is very clear, and sustains his belief in the salvation of all men by the authority of reason and revelation. He thinks all German scholars agree in rejecting the dogma of endless misery, whatever may be their modes of interpreting the sacred text.

He gave us a brief sketch of his life. He was Professor at Jena from 1789 to 1803. when he was called to Wurtzberg. By a government law at that time in force, he could remain but two years in a place, and so in 1805 he removed to Bamberg. He next went, in 1807, to Nuremberg, at which time he was placed at the head of the German school as a general superintendant, which place he occupied till 1810, when he received an appointment at Hiedleberg, which he held till a year or two ago, when age prevented him from continuing to fill a most important position. While at Jena, near Saxe-Weimar, the residence of the Grand Duke, who had called about him the great men of the nation, he was intimately acquainted with Gœthe, Schiller, Schilling, &c. These men, he assured me, were all believers in the salvation of all men. In fact, he said "there are few persons who have knowledge, who do not reject endless misery, that heathen doctrine, and embrace the better faith. Others may think they have knowledge, but man with all such wisdom is dumb, and God will show him his ignorance."

He is 87 years old, nervous and forcible in his utterance, but slow of speech, and very exact, mingling, for our sakes, what English he could, to make himself better understood. He manifests great sincerity and earnestness, and has a clear and vigorous mind, very uncommon in one of his age. I cannot say that all his views met a response in my heart, especially his interpretations of certain passages of Scripture, but I loved and almost reverenced him. He has great respect for the Bible, but claims great freedom in his criticisms of the sacred text in deciding what is authority. His method, too, of explaining miracles is so novel and bold that I felt some hesitation in accepting it for consideration. He is a perfect master of his system, and ready to answer any queries which may be presented. He wrote for us his name, and gave us a lithograph of himself and one of his last works. We left him greatly delighted with our interview and a high admiration of the talents and demeanor of this patriarch of German literature and theology. Let his theories be right or wrong, he is himself a true example of what a Christian should be, full of noble sentiment and genuineness of feeling. With the world he is at peace, and his hopes of the future are without a cloud. We regretted somewhat the brevity of our visit, though weeks would not have given us a better knowledge of his views of Universalism.

We reached Strasburg before sunset, having passed through Carlsruhe, Rastadt, and several towns of less note. Before reaching the town we were transferred to an omnibus, and after crossing the river were stopped at the Douaine (Custom House,) where our sacks were opened. There is great advantage in traveling with the least quantity of baggage possible. The officers will always let one pass with his "*sac de nuit*" and this was all we had. We went direct to the celebrated cathedral, and ascended its tall tower to see the sun set. It was a splendid scene. The busy town of gray old houses was far below our feet, vast meadows spread all around through which the beautiful Rhine could be seen meandering for many miles, now brightly glimmering under the slanting rays of the setting sun, now scarce observable beyond its shady banks. Far beyond was the famed Schwarzwald, or Black Forest, of which many a blacker legend has been told, and on the west the gold-tinged range of the Vosages, whose base was already dim with the gathering shades of night The building itself is a magnificent pile, the front being richly sculptured, so as to resemble lace work. It has a tower which ascends to the height of 474 feet. said to be the highest in the world, considerably higher than St. Peter's, and but little inferior to the highest Pyramid in Egypt. On the roof there is a room of refreshments and a promenade. Several young ladies were sitting, reading, drawing and chatting. On descending from the tower we met the friends we had promised to overtake at Bale, they having spent the previous night at Baden Baden, and also another Clergyman from Newport, R. I. with two young gentlemen in his charge, accompanied us to this place, and are still with us. Not the least of its attractions is the mechanical clock which stands in the east transcept. It is so constructed that at the hour, half and quarter, a little angel strikes a bell, when a figure from above marches out and strikes on a larger the time, and then passes by, when another figure appears and waits his turn. At each hour another little winged boy, opposite the one which strikes the time, turns over an hour-glass which he holds in his hands. At 12, a large cock, which stands upon the top, flaps his wings and crows. The church internally, does not equal in splendor some we have seen, although it is magnificent in its proportions. Its greatest beauties are external, and these are unrivalled, except, only one steeple is completed, the other being finished only to the ridge of the main building.

Left Strasburg at 11 1 2. We regretted our inability to visit the field of Oberlin's labors. It was 30 miles distant and would have occupied two days at least, and when there, we were told, we could see little of the good man's works. The ride to Bale by railroad was pleasant, with ranges of hills on either side and a fine valley

of fields and vineyards. Old castles stood on the jutting crags which told sad tales of the ravages of modern progress upon the feudalism of the dark ages. We passed them by without caring to know more of them than that they had served their time, that their generations were past, gone to the tomb of the Capulets. A few centuries, and their dark walls will be green with the forests about them.

We reached Bale (Basel, they call it) at five, and were in Switzerland. It is rather a fine place, of considerable business in the wine trade. Here five more Americans joined us, and two left for Berne and Geneva direct. The rest of us left at 9, by diligence, for this place, where we arrived last night at 7. Zurich, the sweet and beautiful town! As we approached it the sun was just setting, having broken through the clouds to tinge all nature with its radiant blessing and set up the bright-colored bow of promise before giving his farewell to earth. The scene was grand, beautiful beyond what poet ever described or thought conceived. I had caught a glimpse of the Alps from the hills back, having outrun the diligence, but the view was far from satisfactory. I retired early to bed, content to await the future revelations, and slept well, dreaming of home, it being the 19th anniversary of my wedding day. In my sleep I thought of her for whom, waking, I thanked my God. And children, and home, and friends came around me, and I was happy. Angels kindly watch over them.

I awaked this morning before sunrise, and looking out of my window the long line of the jagged Alps rose in white and solemn grandeur beyond the vale of "Zurich's sweet waters." Magnificent scene! Soon the yellow rays of the rising sun tinged the white summits and gradually descended. The sky was a deep, clear blue, the atmosphere pure and cool, from the rain of yesterday. These are the Alps! It is enough! Two things more remain—the Pyramids and the Holy Land.

Not a soul was stirring for some time. Strange mortals, to come to look at these mightiest scenes of nature's glory, and sleep till half is gone. Dull mortals heed not with fitting earnestness the stupendous and beautiful works of God. No wonder so many men think ill of what God has done for this present world, and for those who live in it. But this is only a distant view. What will the reality be?

We went to the church where Zuingle preached. A plain, noble structure, devoid of all ornament, like the plain and good man's life. At 2 we had a service in our hotel, in which all took part who wished. Twelve Americans here to-day; nine left yesterday. Five of our twelve are Orthodox preachers, one a student, two young men in the charge of a preacher, Mr F., Mr. H. and myself, with another I am not acquainted with. More Americans than English travel this year. Two of these think of accompanying us to the East. Our service went off very happily. Men feel liberal when away from home, and talk and act like reasonable beings.

To-morrow we start for the Alps direct, and shall be a week or two among them in this part, and afterwards go to Geneva and Mt. Blanc, *towards* the top of it. It is said to have been a bad season to make ascents, so I shall try and be content short of the summit. W. S. B.

Changing the Bearing Year of Apple Trees.—R. Manning of Salem, cutting off all the blossoms from a Baldwin apple tree, in the Spring of its bear-year, chauged the fruiteful seasons have become bearing years and vice versa.

Tea.—Mr. Junius Smith, who has turned his attention to the enterprise of tea growing, has gone to the South with the view to select lands suitable for the cultivation of the plant. He is to make a plantation with five hundred plants, which he has with him, and raise seed for extensive operations. He has shown that tea can be raised here so as to be sold at six cents a pound

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., Publishers.

CONFUCIUS.

The last number of the Christian Examiner, contains an article of great value on the life, character and writings of Confucius. The rank which it gives him as a teacher of morals, though high, does not appear to be above his merits. He had a due appreciation of moral principle, as an element of happiness. He taught that the chief good of man, and of the state, consists in obedience to moral laws. Neither policy nor craft could render a state truly prosperous. This lesson of ages is yet but faintly believed. Few regard it.

In accordance with the value he attached to moral power, he placed but little reliance on severe corporeal punishment, and found much fault with those inflicted by the magistrates. We are not however to infer from this, that he desired to have the reins of government held with a lax hand. He says: "The beneficence of a prince shines not less in the rigors he exercises than in the most affecting proof of his goodness." By *rigors*, however, he meant nothing like the cruelties common among his countrymen; for he says—"A prince ought to punish vice, for fear lest he seem to maintain it; but yet he ought to keep his people in their duty rather by the effects of clemency, than by means of punishments."

As a teacher of morals, there have been but few among those unblessed by Christianity, equal to Confucius. He laid down five rules for the conduct of life, which he calls universal. The first regards the justice that ought to be practiced between a king and his subjects; the second respects the love that ought to exist between a father and his children; the third recommends conjugal fidelity; the fourth concerns the subordination that ought to appear between elder and younger brothers, and the fifth obliges men to live in concord, in great unity and mutual kindness. These five rules, he calls the public records, by which men ought to pass. But in order to observe them, he says, three virtues are requisite; prudence, which makes us discern good from evil; universal love, which makes us love all men; and that resolution which makes us constantly persevere in adhering to good. His writings abound with excellent sentiments, beautifully expressed. We give the following as samples:

"The true wisdom is to enlighten the spirit and to purify the heart, to love mankind and to cause them to love virtue; to surmount every obstacle in order to be united to the Supreme God, and to be attached only to it. Tien has written his law in our hearts, nature has revealed it, the rules of manners are founded on its teachings; wisdom consists in knowing them, virtue in following them."

"Labor to purify thy thoughts; for if thy thoughts are not impure, neither will thy actions be." "The wise man seeks the cause of his defects in himself; but the fool, avoiding himself, seeks it in all others besides himself."

"The laws of conduct," said he, "are immutable; they were no more the same, were they able to change." "There are things more sublime than the eye has ever seen or the ear heard: it is in the sanctuary of the conscience that he studies them."

From these quotations, it will be seen, that Confucius had the most exalted ideas of virtue, and that he defined it to be conformity to the eternal rules of right. But lofty and noble as was his idea of virtue, he stood far below the Savior as a moral

teacher. In the article before us, the contrast between the two is thus clearly and faithfully stated.

"A new and fresh conception of the unrivalled greatness, a deeper conviction of the divine inspiration, of Jesus springs up in the mind that travels over the richest fields of thought occupied by the ancient sages. The contrast perpetually widens. His stand was not in the past. He referred to the present, living God as the source of his light, while the whelming ages flowed under his feet. He touched not the state; but he touched the great springs of life in him from whom the state, with its glory and shame, must ever flow. An empire was no field equal to his plan. The world was his field. No royal birth gave him entrance into palaces, nor secured the patronge of the great. He did not begin with a class. He began with all; though the common people, being less sophisticated, heard him more gladly. He taught no great homage to earthly superiors; he taught rather a self-reverence, that refused to call any man master. He was gentle and compassionate to sinners. He advised no man to imitate his neighbor, however good or wise he might be; human individuality was not invaded. He wrote nothing to perpetuate his teachings. Confucius had hundreds of learned men to propagate his views; Jesus, while living, had but a few humble, uneducated peasants around him, not half understanding his purpose and mission. Confucius was learned; Jesus by human institutions was wholly untaught. The one was aided by veneration for the past; the other was violently opposed and persecuted by it. Confucius unfolded his mild philosophy among a people as peaceful as himself; Jesus gave the lessons of peace at a time when all hearts were burning for revolution, and among a people constitutionally and habitually inclined to revenge. The one said, 'Revenge not injuries;' the other said, 'Love your enemies.'"

From this contrast, we see the error of those who place Confucius on an equality with Jesus. Though a wise teacher, he bore no comparison to him. It is very evident that Confucius never taught, in the high sense that Christ did, the duty of loving all men. Though he inculcated love to all, even enemies, he seems to have had no idea of a love, which, overlooking all national boundaries and distinctions of character, is as ardent for an enemy as a friend, and is as ready to toil and suffer and die for the one as for the other. It was in this high sense that Jesus urged the law of love. Men were required to love as he loved. "I give you a commandment, that ye should love each other, as I have loved you." Though the world was sinful, he loved it, gave his life for it. Though men wickedly assailed him, and put him to an ignominous and cruel death, he loved them just as a parent loves the child whose vileness grieves him to death. Confucius is far from teaching this love. Though he often speaks of a love which would lead us to do good to all, he distinctly teaches the sage to hate several kinds of persons, and especially those who delight to discourse on the faults of others. He bids the young man not to live in the same kingdom with him who had slain his father, but he expressly prohibits all kinds of revenge; he maintains that it is lawful to hate, and that there are some so odious that it is impossible to love them. His universal love, therefore, falls infinitely short of the universal love of Christ.

In a work entitled "Ancient fragments from the Chinese, Persian, Phœnecian, Punic, Greek and Latin," the compilers in a dissertation on Confucius labor to show, that the duty of loving our enemies, which Jesus Christ so much recommended in his Gospel, is generally too much stretched. They say, the generality of those that explain this duty, speak as if we were obliged to retain in our hearts, a tender amity for all our enemies, how wicked and abominable soever they may be. Yet this is not precisely that which the Son of God requires at our hands, because he demands not things absolutely impossible. His aim is to excite us to behave ourselves towards our enemies, whoever they may be, as we do to them that we love. Indeed the Scriptures, in several places, by *to love*, signify to *do good*, almost in the same manner as we do to those for whom we have a great affection. In justification of this criticism, it is said to be certain, that God does not love the wicked; that he has an extreme aversion for a Caligula, for a Nero, and other such like monsters, although he has caused his sun to shine, and sent his rain upon them. But he dealt with them as if he loved them; and it is after this manner also that we ought to deport ourselves towards our enemies. This absurd comment needs no refutation; for it is easy to see, that we may love the wicked, and yet hate their wickedness. That God loves all, the Scriptures positively assert; and that he requires us to love all, none can doubt; and those who see in every human being a child of God, a brother, can as truly love all, as a mother can love her abandoned son. While we grant then, that Confucius required men to cherish kind feelings towards all, we maintain that he had no conception of the love required by the Savior, and which he exhibited in his life and death.

There is another error into which the eulogists of Confucius have fallen. They speak of him as though he was the first wise man of the whole Chinese Empire; as though unaided by human means, he discovered all the great moral truths which he taught. From this they would have us infer, that he had an intuition which enabled him to see things with a more than human eye, and that he enjoyed a large measure of that inspiration which was given to the Savior. Such show their utter ignorance of the sacred books of the Chinese. In their Ukin, or *five volumes*, will be found the same lofty ideas of virtue, and the same rules of duty, which are found in the writings of Confucius. Being a learned man, he was familiar with those volumes, and vastly indebted to them for his wisdem. If it be said, that Jesus may have learned his moral teachings from those who went before him, it may be replied, that cannot be, for in some things he was purely original. Besides, like Confucius and all others, Jesus never erred in his instructions. Of no other one can this be said. Confucius taught that parents might justly sell their children into slavery; Socrates that barbarians should be regarded as enemies, and Aristotle that nature intended them for slaves. Cicero taught, that the forgiveness of injuries was a weakness and Democritus applauds revenge. In all the teachings of Jesus no false moral can be found.

O. A. S.

FRAGMENTARY.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

It is an axiom of philosophy that like causes under like circumstances will produce like effects. There are no exceptions to this rule, whether applied to physics or to morals. The heathen admitted it, and no Christian ever denied it. On what ground, then, is it asserted that the doctrine of universal love and salvation will make men hateful and wicked? Will a man love God less when he *feels* that God loves him? Will a man be less likely to live holy because he believes he shall be saved? Will he despise and abuse his brothers because he believes they all shall rejoice together in perfect holiness and bliss? The man would be pronounced insane who should do wrong, and then undertake to justify himself with such absurdities. But some men reason strangely on religious subjects.

CALVINISM.

If the stern old reformer of Geneva should revisit this earth, would he find Calvinism among those called by his name? Where? At Andover? New Haven? Nassau Hall? In what church is it preached? An orthodox clergyman told me he had spent several months in Geneva, and it was not to be found where Servetus burned. I asked for it, but none understood the

name. Geneva has no monument for Calvin. Names often outlive the things once represented by them. Calvinism is dead. A spurious creed, a daring counterfeit, still circulates on its former credit. When will those who pass it be arrested and brought to judgment?

But there was something in the iron spirit of Calvinism which saved it from total depravity. It stood up with a strong courage against the wrongs and abuses of the old church. It loosed the tongue of John Knox and reformed Scotland. It stirred the hearts of Englishmen, and nerved the arm of Cromwell. It sustained the Puritan in his voyage across the sea, and left its impress in the bold freedom asserted by our ancestors. The spirit lives, in a better form; the old body should be buried, and the old name be forgotten, for its mission is ended.

LUTHERANISM.

Luther was a fat, easy, comfortable old man, who loved his pot of beer and a good dinner, better than a theological argument, especially towards the end of his life. His doctrine is not very definable. It has a good deal of form, and admits images and paintings, thinking it a pity to rob the churches of many fine specimens of art. But it does not allow them to be reverenced, nor even viewed in the light in which Romanists look at them. But the traveler sees them in all their churches. And even candles are lighted on the altar at midday-and burn during the communion service. There is not, at this time, much tangibility to the old Reformer's doctrine. But it is doubtful if he would be much disturbed, if he should return to earth and find things as they are. He would probably care more to find his beer jug. This is on the supposition that "there is no change after death."

CHANGE.

It is said that "Nature abhors change." If the saying be correct, she must have a terrible loathing about these days, for things in Europe and America, religiously and politically, for nothing is stable.

But how can it be said that "Nature abhors change," when she is herself constantly changing? Look at the gardens, fields and woods. Are they now as they were last spring?—last month?—yesterday? Look at yourself. Those wrinkles and gray hairs, are not all your own work. The finger of age has been pointed at you, and your bloom of youth was frightened away.

Without *change* there can be no reform, no progress; and hence, no perfection for the finite. It is the process by which God refines and prepares the world for a higher state. Why then should we fear it? From the apparent turbulence, order will arise, and beauty follow. The leaven which does not foam, when disturbed, has no virtue in it.

TRIALS.

The man that would be wise and good should never regret that he meets with crosses and disappointments. These are the lessons by which he works out his own character, and becomes qualified for any event. Continual sunshine parches the ground, and destroys the harvest.

If there was no wrong, no suffering in the world, how limited would be the sphere of human knowledge and enjoyment. Hence, he is the wisest and best who stands true to principle, keeping his integrity inviolate, though beset by the flatterer, hated by the proud, and defamed by the slanderer—who is calm and submissive in adversity. An Apostle has said, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." It is by exercise that a limb is made strong—a principle may be by the same process.

A man who cannot keep cool, restraining his anger, when insulted, falls from his dignity to a level with him he should pity or despise. Such a man can have no confidence in himself, and why should others award him credit when he knows he deserves none? Let us see what a "contradiction of sinners" the good Master endured against himself, and be wise. W. S. B.

REVIVALS.

We perceive by the partialist Journals, that have come to hand recently, that they are beating up loudly for recruits. The universal cry among them is, "*we must have a revival.*" Well, if they *must have a revival*, as they say, we suppose they will have one; for it is just as easy to have a revival as it is to have anything else that depends upon human agency, and requires human means for its accomplishment. All that is necessary is to have the requisite machinery, and to understand how to put it in motion. That, our partialist friends have in abundance, and though some parts of it are getting old and rather rusty, yet by rubbing it up and re-vamping it, it can be made serviceable for another campaign; and in the hands of skillful operators, it will no doubt work wonders. We are inclined to think there will be a revival, for several reasons, and among these we may state the fact, that the season is eminently propitious for it. The country has just passed through a heated political campaign, and the steam is already up, and it only needs to be turned in another direction, and apply the power that has been devoted to political ends, to the purpose of proselyting for the church, to secure a vast economy of the propelling influence, which is nothing more nor less than excited human passion.

Another reason for believing that there will be a revival, is the fact, that there is a great necessity for one. Partialism has been waning for a long time past. In the dearth of revivals, consequent upon the intense political excitement, which for the time being had overcome the other, and driven it entirely into the back ground, the church has become greatly reduced in strength and numbers. The Editor of the "Advocate and Journal," the Methodist paper of this city, in the course of a sensible and well written article on the subject, thus candidly confesses the necessity of a revival among the Methodists. Says the Editor referred to:

"Methodism is both the *creature* and the *instrument* of a *revival*. Whether we can agree upon a *logical* or *philosophical* definition of *Methodism*, or not, we ought not to disagree as to the great mission of the form of Christianity which bears this name. Nor should there be any difference among us as to the importance of revivals, and the duty of laboring to promote them.—The fact is, with us they are necessary to the perpetuity of the Church. They are her tributaries; they supply her with converted members. Without revivals, when a generation or two should pass away, the true members of the Church would all be transplanted from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, and Christ would have no spiritual body on earth."

We do not remember having seen a stronger argument than this, in favor of revivals, stated anywhere. We are sure that the Bible contains nothing like it, and the writer of the above paragraph, had the good sense and judgment to leave that book out of the question, mostly, in treating upon this subject. He had the sagacity to perceive, that a single quotation from that blessed book, as for instance, the definition of "pure religion and undefiled," see James i. 27—would have upset his theory and his argument entirely, and hence he avoided it, and placed it (for him) on far more tenable ground, viz: "Methodism cannot live without a revival, and therefore a revival must be had." That is the sum of the logic in plain, straightforward and intelligible English, and if sinners can withstand the force of such an appeal as that, they must be very obdurate indeed.

Seriously, we wonder not that our partialist friends, in the cold and dormant state in which they confess themselves to be, should be calling out for a revival, but rather that, if they are half sincere in what they teach, they should ever need one. Did we believe, as they profess to, that millions of our race are suspended as it were by a single thread over the fearful abyss of an eternal hell, and among them our own nearest and dearest kindred, it seems to us that we should be in such a burning fever of excitement, and so constantly as well as intensely agitated by it, that a *revival* would be an utter impossibility. And so would they if they could *really* imagine that their doctrine is true, for their hearts are not made of stone, and it is after all, a blessed thing for them that they do realize so little of the dreadful nature of the sentiments which they teach, for imagination can but feebly conceive of the horrible consequences that would immediately result, from a full and realizing sense, of a fate so tremendously awful, for any of God's children.

Let it not be inferred from what we have written, that we are, in any proper sense of the words, opposed to a revival of religion. On the contrary, we could most devoutly wish to see the pure, peaceful, and life-giving religion of Christ, whose very essence is purity, peace, charity and good-will, revived in the hearts of the children of men, and extending its blessed influence throughout our country and through the world. For such a revival, we will ever pray, and labor with whatever of ability God has given us. But for a revival of mere sectarian influence and feeling, we of course have no fellowship, and can have no desire. We have witnessed enough of the fruits of such, to lead us to detest them, and it does seem to us that all the friends of God and men, should heartily unite in the petition that our country and the world might be spared another infliction of that spiritual cholera, produced by those scenes of extravagance and folly that in times past have been enacted in the sacred name of Religion.

S. C. B.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.

We learn from the last Magazine and Advocate that two children, one aged 4 and the other 2 years, sons of Lawrence and Betsey Harter of Warren, Herkimer Co., this State, were burned to death on the 19th of Sept. The children were left in charge of a lad 15 years of age, in the absence of the parents, who was so unfaithful as to leave the house, and during his absence the dwelling took fire and was consumed, together with the two children. We have seldom been called upon to record a more heart-rending occurrence than this. May the divine consolations of the Gospel be with those afflicted parents.

GOOD NEWS FROM PHILADELPHIA.

A zealous member of the Kensington Society, and a worthy Br. in the faith, says, in a letter recently received: "Our little Church in Kensington is in a fair way to be out of debt. Through the successful plan suggested by Br. Thomas, and the exertions of the leading members of our Society, the sum of eight hundred dollars has been subscribed, and Br. Thomas has promised to raise it to one thousand, which is the sum requisite to meet our liabilities. The rent of the cellar will pay our ground rent, so that in future we mean to have preaching regularly and keep out of debt." Br. Thomas appears to be very busily, as well as successfully engaged in putting things to rights in Philadelphia. May the Lord prosper him abundantly.

The November number of Fowler's "American Phrenological Journal" has been received, and is filled with matter of passing interest to all admirers of Phrenology.

THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The best time to subscribe for a Religious or Literary Journal is at the commencement of a volume. By doing so a person may preserve for binding a large amount of useful reading, to any portion of which reference may be made by an index which accompanies the last number. If he waits till several numbers are published it may be impossible to complete a set, as it is not profitable to issue, at a hazard, many extra copies. In the hope, however, that our friends and patrons will make a strong effort in our behalf, and for the spread of the truth, we have published a large number of extra copies, so as to be able to supply all the *new* subscribers whose names shall be sent us for several weeks to come.

We would respectfully and fraternally urge upon our friends, upon all lovers of our holy faith, the importance of making a strong effort to extend the circulation of this paper. We do this, not more because we need such aid to make our establishment prosper, than to promote the happiness of those who shall thus become readers of our paper, and so extend the knowledge of truth and salvation among men. It seems to us that no person who rejoices in the truth, will be slow to work for so good a cause, when the way is so plain, and the reward so certain. One of the principal means of our prosperity, as a Denomination, is the wide circulation of our Journals. These winged messengers have generally preceded the preacher, and prepared the way for the formation of Societies, and the regular preaching of the word. This important means of instructing the people should not be neglected, but every well-wisher to our cause, should be willing to put forth his best energies to sustain it.

With a few exceptions, the publishers of our papers have never received anything like a compensation for their labors. There are, probably, not more than two or three establishments which afford a living profit at the present time, and few of them could be sustained if the publishers and editors did not derive an income from some other source. In these cases no reference is made to our writers who furnish articles for the papers, who very rarely receive any compensation for their labors, simply because the publishers cannot afford to pay them. This is wrong. If our writers were paid for their labors, they could afford to devote more time and thought to their productions, and thus the standard of our literature would be greatly elevated. It is now only as they have accidental leisure that they write at all. No person can get a living, as a writer, among us, even though he is the editor of a paper.

It has been said we have too many papers. There is, doubtless, much truth in the remark. But there is, perhaps, a degree of indifference among the brethren who live in another State, or at a distance from the place of publication, which can only be overcome by starting a paper in their neighborhood, and by showing them the value of a weekly Religious Journal. It would be some comfort to those involved in the unlucky experiment, to feel assured that when they fail, their readers would go over to the support of more permanent establishments. It must be painful in such cases to feel that their ill success, in what might have been a rash enterprise, tends to the discouragement of others in a plain matter of duty.

Brethren, *now* is the time to subscribe, and *this* THE paper.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

We have heard that Rev. S. R. Smith, has published a second volume of historical sketches of Universalism in this state. We presume it must be excellent, though not having seen the work we do not feel qualified to speak of its merits.

POSTSCRIPT.

DEATH OF REV. A. A. FOLSOM.

By a Telegraphic dispatch from Springfield Mass.,we have received the painful intelligence of the death of Rev. A. A. Folsom, Pastor of the Universalist Church in that place. He died on the 12th inst. Particulars will be given next week.

DUTIES OF YOUNG WOMEN.

G. W. Briggs has issued a new edition of this popular work by Br. Chapin. He has some copies very elegantly bound, suitable for holiday and birth-day presents. The work is for sale at this office.

AN ORDINATION.

Br. A. W. Jewett of Monroe, Michigan, was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry at the session of the Southern Association on the 30th ult.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND, a Monthly devoted to the reform of criminals, (not, criminal reform as stated on the title page) has been received. Since it has been changed from a weekly to a monthly periodical, the work has been greatly improved in its character, and it may now be regarded as a most efficient advocate of the noble and christian enterprise to which it is devoted. C. Spear, Editor and proprietor, Boston, Mass.

WATER CURE JOURNAL for Nov., has been received. To the disciples of Hydropathy, a very numerous and increasing class in the community at the present time, this is a work of rare interest and value. Joel Shew, M. D., Editor, Published by Fowler and Wells, 131, Nassau-Street.

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.—Parts 63 and 64 of this elegantly illustrated edition of the Sacred volume, have been received. The first is embellished with a fine engraving of "Seilum —site of Shiloh," and the second with a superb representation of "Abraham and the three angels." Geo. Virtue, 26 John-street.

HYMNS, SONGS AND FABLES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—Such is the title of a beautiful little volume, from the gifted pen of Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen, widow of the lamented Dr. Follen, who was lost in the ill-fated Lexington. The work is very neatly got up, and presents a rich fund of entertainment and instruction for the young. Crosby & Nichols, Publishers, Boston.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

We have room merely to announce the general result of the Presidential Election, as far as returns have been received. The following States have gone for Gen. Taylor: Massachusetts, Rhode Island,Connecticut, Vermont, N. York, New Jersey,Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and most probably Louisiana,—making 160 Electoral votes for Taylor. Necessary to a choice, 146. Gen. Cass, so far, has 101 Electoral votes.

THE BODY RENDERED FIRE-PROOF.—Tanacre, a Neapolitan physician, states that the human body can be rendered insensible to fire by the following embrocation being applied: One ounce and a half of alum, dissolved in four ounces of hot water; to this must be added an ounce of fish glue, and half an ounce of gum arabic.

We learn from Detroit that the steamer St. Louis, having been damaged in her machinery, and taken in tow, on Friday night, by the Baltic, off Mackinaw, broke her tow line in a gale, and believed to be lost with eight persons on board.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the German of Adalbert von Chamisso.

*CHATEAU DE BONCOURT.

I dream myself a child again,
And shake my aged head;
Why come ye back, forgotten scenes,
Like visions from the dead?

High rises o'er the shadowy wood
A castle's gleaming wall;
Towers, battlements and massive bridge,
That gate,—I know them all!

The lion from th' escutcheon looks
So friendly in my face,
I greet the old, familiar friend,
And up the court-yard haste.

There lies the sphinx beside the fount,
There fresh the fig-tree gleams,
And there, behind yon oriels,
I dreamed my earliest dreams.

I seek the castle-chapel, where
Sleeps my ancestral dust,
'Tis here, where on this column hung,
Their ancient armor rusts.

But my veiled eyes decipher not
Th' inscription's mouldering lines,
Though brightly through the gorgeous pane,
The sunbeam on them shines.

Thus thou, O castle of my sires,
Stand'st in my fancy now,
Though thou 'rt long-vanished from the earth,
And o'er thee drives the plough.

Be fruitful, O beloved soil,
I bless thee 'mid my tears,
And doubly bless him, who the plough
Mid thy fair verdure steers.

But I, with mournful heart will rise,
My true harp in my hand,
And roaming through the wide, wide world,
Will sing from land to land.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

* "The Chateau de Boncourt, in Champagne, was the old family residence of the poet's ancestors, where he was born in 1781. When the Revolution broke out the castle was assailed and razed to the ground, and the impoverished family, which had ranked among the first in France, was obliged to flee. Chamisso was carried to Germany at the age of nine, where he spent the greater part of his life, and attained to considerable eminence as a poet. No one acquainted with the history of its author can read this poem without being touched by the sweetness and beauty of its sentiments."

Original.

A MESSAGE FROM THE HEART.

BY THERESA.

I have been wishing a long time, dear reader, that I could think of something to write you that would be worth reading; but, alas! a shadow has rested on my mind and heart, and resisted all my efforts to dispel it. Trifles affect me strangely, and perhaps I am too much inclined to sadness. I do not like to say that I have in reality been sick, for I dislike the habit of complaining, but I have found it difficult of late, even to read for amusement, and the everyday duties of life, that

must be performed, have seemed almost a burden. But the clouds that obscure my mental vision are dispersing a little, and I am hoping that I shall, ere long, become more cheerful and happy.

When I last wrote you, I was regretting the loss of some volumes of the Repository and Union. I was not quite so unfortunate in this respect as I had anticipated. They came to light again in due time, all neatly bound, and the same day they were received, Brs. "Bulkeley & Co.," kindly forwarded me a complete set of the Union and Messenger from its commencement. I am certainly truly grateful for the favor, and will endeavor to repay it in the way desired, if time and ability serve me. The octavo volumes of the Union, I have already sent to the "binders," and they will furnish a beautiful and valuable addition to my library. The first volumes of the Messenger, are new to me, and I shall take pleasure in perusing them, if for no other reason, than to mark the improvement of the paper since its commencement.

Permit me to express my admiration of a new book I have recently purchased, entitled "A blind man's Offering; by B. B. Bowen." Its outward appearance is neat and plain, and the interior of the volume is rich in thought and feeling, and contains a very good looking likeness of the author. I had felt anxious to obtain it, partly because the name of the author sounded familiar, and I desired to know something of his personal history, and partly, because I had once myself a brother, who had been blind from his early youth, and I fancied that Mr. Bowen, must resemble him. If the glasses which shade his sightless eyes were removed, methinks there would be a strong personal resemblance between them. Mr. B. has at least the same calm and intellectual expression of countenance which reveals the thoughtful spirit within, though "the windows of the soul" have long years been darkened.

I am no critic, or reviewer, but even if I were, the only fault I should be willing to find with the book above named, would be, that it possesses attractions very dangerous to weak eyes, for I never can persuade myself to lay it down—till my own grow dim, and I am compelled to do so from a sense of their painful weariness. The story of Rochford, and Maria, entitled, "A Tale of the Blind," is one of deep and thrilling interest, and "The Blind Bride," and "The friend of my early days," are very short and very beautiful little sketches.

Will the author of "A blind man's Offering" accept a kind wish from one who has some sympathy for his misfortune, and who would gladly grasp his friendly hand, though she might not claim the honor of any nearer kindred than that of the common brotherhood?

I had written a part of this communication, kind reader, some three or four months ago, thinking that I should finish it in a few days, but darker shadows obscured my mental vision, and sickness came in reality; not upon myself, but upon one whose existence was the light of my home, and for whose sake alone, I felt anxious to live. Ah! how many hallowed memories, how many fond associations were clustered around the names of a home, and a mother! Thank God! I have yet of my own a home, but alas! I have no longer a mother.—Slowly she wasted away till her weary spirit longed to quit its earthly tabernacle, and find rest in its heavenly home. I thought I was willing to give her up, she had suffered so long and so much. I calmly closed her eyes in death, and felt relieved when I knew she was at rest; but now she is gone, and I am left alone, there are moments when a gloomy sadness fills my heart, and if I could not weep, its aching chords would break. Yet I am not alone—the Father hath not forsaken me, and "the cup he hath given me, shall I not drink it?" I know it is all for the best, and I would not recall her again, to suffer and die.

"I know she has gone to the home of her rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know she has gone, where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
In her far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe she has visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign."

She had lived even to the years of second childhood, yet she was not childish. In health she was always reasonable and consistent, and when sickness came upon her, and she could no longer assist me in the duties of life, she would often cheer me in my labors with her kind words of sympathy and consolation; and sadly now do I miss her kind voice when I am weary or sick, or mournful. "What should I do," she would say to me. "if I had not such a child to take care of me? I hope you will be rewarded for it, but I shall live to wear you all out."

"Mother," I replied, "the reward is in the deed. I am glad that I am able to take care of you, and hope that I shall be as long as you live." And that desire was granted. The promise that, "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be," was in this respect fulfilled, for it often seemed that nothing but strength from above could have kept me from failing, through the long weary days and sleepless nights that I watched by her bedside. But it is all over now. The autumn winds are chanting a plaintive requiem above her new-made grave, and the "sere and yellow leaves" are falling around her place of rest; fit emblems are they of the decline of human life.

"Peace to her gentle shade!" When spring returns again, if I am still a sojourner on earth, a marble monument shall tell who sleeps beneath that grassy mound, and flowers shall bloom, where now the faded leaves are floating round. Hope shall point upward to her heavenly home, and I will "think of her calmly and pleasantly, as one for whom it is well to be fled and gone."

Putney, Vt. Oct. 22d, 1848.

ANOTHER LEGAL MURDER.

The following is an account, or rather an extract from the account of the execution of Harris Bell, at Honesdale, Wayne Co., Pa. That such scenes should be enacted in a Christian land and under the sanction of a Christian community, is enough to make a downright skeptic of any one, who has one spark of humanity in his bosom. Men have no desire to fall in with a system that persists in approving what their better natures teaches them is a gross wrong: and sooner will they unite together and form systems of their own, than be the panders to palpable error. They will say, "You say that your Bible emanated from an all-wise, and all-merciful and unchangeable Being: it says 'thou shalt not kill.' You believe that doctrine, and yet you approve a violation of it, when it is done under the saction of human laws! Away with a system that harbors such gross inconsistencies." It may be proper to state, that Bell is not believed to have been a man of knowledge much surpassing a brute; and his look and manner betoken more of the animal by far, than of the intellectual man. But to the extract. J. C. H.

Sheriff Wood, now came forward and said, "Bell, if you have anything you wish to say, say it now."

Here Bell arose, and in a very loud voice and in a manner which evinced his deep excitement, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: I am going to the kingdom of Heaven. I have prayed many a day for more than a year and God has forgiven my sins. I now stand on the gallows, but this night I shall be in Paradise Oh! Glory to God for his goodness and great mercy to me, I hope God will bless you all, and that he may bless the Sheriff and his family.

Gentlemen: I wish to meet you all in Heaven. I hope I shall see every one of you there. I here forgive my enemies and prosecutors. And my prayer to God is to forgive me for the sake of him who died on the cross.

Here he paused, and Sheriff Wood proceeded to adjust the fatal cord. After all was fixed, Bell added in a lower tone:

"When this platform leaves my feet, my neck is broke and I land in Heaven. Gentlemen, let me entreat you by my example to bring up your children right, and not to the gallows. And take warning from me to govern your passions.

The Sheriff now announced to Bell that he had five minutes to live, and Rev. H. A. Rowland approaching said:

"Bell do you feel that you can trust in your Saviour?"

Bell. "I feel that I do."

"Do you wish to unite with me in prayer?"

Bell. "I do."

The Sheriff then drew down the cap, and Mr. Rowland in his fervent and eloquent manner commended him to the mercy of God. At the close of the prayer the platform fell, and Bell was launched into eternity. He fell about four feet. For a moment his hands were clenched convulsively, but gradually relaxed. At intervals for five minutes slight tremors

POSTSCRIPT.

DEATH OF REV. A. A. FOLSOM.

By a Telegraphic dispatch from Springfield Mass.,we have received the painful intelligence of the death of Rev. A. A. Folsom, Pastor of the Universalist Church in that place. He died on the 12th inst. Particulars will be given next week.

DUTIES OF YOUNG WOMEN.

G. W. Briggs has issued a new edition of this popular work by Br. Chapin. He has some copies very elegantly bound, suitable for holiday and birth-day presents. The work is for sale at this office.

AN ORDINATION.

Br. A. W. Jewett of Monroe, Michigan, was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry at the session of the Southern Association on the 30th ult.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND, a Monthly devoted to the reform of criminals, (not, criminal reform as stated on the title page) has been received. Since it has been changed from a weekly to a monthly periodical, the work has been greatly improved in its character, and it may now be regarded as a most efficient advocate of the noble and christian enterprise to which it is devoted. C. Spear, Editor and proprietor, Boston, Mass.

WATER CURE JOURNAL for Nov., has been received. To the disciples of Hydropathy, a very numerous and increasing class in the community at the present time, this is a work of rare interest and value. Joel Shew, M. D., Editor, Published by Fowler and Wells, 131, Nassau-Street.

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.—Parts 63 and 64 of this elegantly illustrated edition of the Sacred volume, have been received. The first is embellished with a fine engraving of "Seilum —site of Shiloh,"and the second with a superb representation of "Abraham and the three angels." Geo. Virtue, 26 John-street.

HYMNS, SONGS AND FABLES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—Such is the title of a beautiful little volume, from the gifted pen of Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen, widow of the lamented Dr. Follen, who was lost in the ill-fated Lexington. The work is very neatly got up, and presents a rich fund of entertainment and instruction for the young. Crosby & Nichols, Publishers, Boston.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

We have room merely to announce the general result of the Presidential Election, as far as returns have been received. The following States have gone for Gen. Taylor: Massachusetts, Rhode Island,Connecticut, Vermont, N. York, New Jersey,Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and most probably Louisiana,—making 160 Electoral votes for Taylor. Necessary to a choice, 146. Gen. Cass, so far, has 101 Electoral votes.

THE BODY RENDERED FIRE-PROOF.—Tanacre, a Neapolitan physician, states that the human body can be rendered insensible to fire by the following embrocation being applied: One ounce and a half of alum, dissolved in four ounces of hot water; to this must be added an ounce of fish glue, and half an ounce of gum arabic.

We learn from Detroit that the steamer St. Louis, having been damaged in her machinery, and taken in tow, on Friday night, by the Baltic, off Mackinaw, broke her tow line in a gale, and believed to be lost with eight persons on board.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the German of Adalbert von Chamisso.

*CHATEAU DE BONCOURT.

I dream myself a child again,
And shake my aged head;
Why come ye back, forgotten scenes,
Like visions from the dead?

High rises o'er the shadowy wood
A castle's gleaming wall;
Towers, battlements and massive bridge,
That gate,—I know them all!

The lion from th' escutcheon looks
So friendly in my face,
I greet the old, familiar friend,
And up the court-yard haste.

There lies the sphinx beside the fount,
There fresh the fig-tree gleams,
And there, behind yon oriels,
I dreamed my earliest dreams.

I seek the castle-chapel, where
Sleeps my ancestral dust,
'Tis here, where on this column hung,
Their ancient armor rusts.

But my veiled eyes decipher not
Th' inscription's mouldering lines,
Though brightly through the gorgeous pane,
The sunbeam on them shines.

Thus thou, O castle of my sires,
Stand'st in my fancy now,
Though thou 'rt long-vanished from the earth,
And o'er thee drives the plough.

Be fruitful, O beloved soil,
I bless thee 'mid my tears,
And doubly bless him, who the plough
Mid thy fair verdure steers.

But I, with mournful heart will rise,
My true harp in my hand,
And roaming through the wide, wide world,
Will sing from land to land.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

* "The Chateau de Boncourt, in Champagne, was the old family residence of the poet's ancestors, where he was born in 1781. When the Revolution broke out the castle was assailed and razed to the ground, and the impoverished family, which had ranked among the first in France, was obliged to flee. Chamisso was carried to Germany at the age of nine, where he spent the greater part of his life, and attained to considerable eminence as a poet. No one acquainted with the history of its author can read this poem without being touched by the sweetness and beauty of its sentiments."

Original.

A MESSAGE FROM THE HEART.

BY THERESA.

I have been wishing a long time, dear reader, that I could think of something to write you that would be worth reading; but, alas! a shadow has rested on my mind and heart, and resisted all my efforts to dispel it. Trifles affect me strangely, and perhaps I am too much inclined to sadness. I do not like to say that I have in reality been sick, for I dislike the habit of complaining, but I have found it difficult of late, even to read for amusement, and the everyday duties of life, that

must be performed, have seemed almost a burden. But the clouds that obscure my mental vision are dispersing a little, and I am hoping that I shall, ere long, become more cheerful and happy.

When I last wrote you, I was regretting the loss of some volumes of the Repository and Union. I was not quite so unfortunate in this respect as I had anticipated. They came to light again in due time, all neatly bound, and the same day they were received, Brs. "Bulkeley & Co.," kindly forwarded me a complete set of the Union and Messenger from its commencement. I am certainly truly grateful for the favor, and will endeavor to repay it in the way desired, if time and ability serve me. The octavo volumes of the Union, I have already sent to the "binders," and they will furnish a beautiful and valuable addition to my library. The first volumes of the Messenger, are new to me, and I shall take pleasure in perusing them, if for no other reason, than to mark the improvement of the paper since its commencement.

Permit me to express my admiration of a new book I have recently purchased, entitled "A blind man's Offering; by B. B. Bowen." Its outward appearance is neat and plain, and the interior of the volume is rich in thought and feeling, and contains a very good looking likeness of the author. I had felt anxious to obtain it, partly because the name of the author sounded familiar, and I desired to know something of his personal history, and partly, because I had once myself a brother, who had been blind from his early youth, and I fancied that Mr. Bowen, must resemble him. If the glasses which shade his sightless eyes were removed, methinks there would be a strong personal resemblance between them. Mr. B. has at least the same calm and intellectual expression of countenance which reveals the thoughtful spirit within, though "the windows of the soul" have long years been darkened.

I am no critic, or reviewer, but even if I were, the only fault I should be willing to find with the book above named, would be, that it possesses attractions very dangerous to weak eyes, for I never can persuade myself to lay it down—till my own grow dim, and I am compelled to do so from a sense of their painful weariness. The story of Rochford, and Maria, entitled, "A Tale of the Blind," is one of deep and thrilling interest, and "The Blind Bride," and "The friend of my early days," are very short and very beautiful little sketches.

Will the author of "A blind man's Offering" accept a kind wish from one who has some sympathy for his misfortune, and who would gladly grasp his friendly hand, though she might not claim the honor of any nearer kindred than that of the common brotherhood?

I had written a part of this communication, kind reader, some three or four months ago, thinking that I should finish it in a few days, but darker shadows obscured my mental vision, and sickness came in reality; not upon myself, but upon one whose existence was the light of my home, and for whose sake alone, I felt anxious to live. Ah! how many hallowed memories, how many fond associations were clustered around the names of a home, and a mother! Thank God! I have yet of my own a home, but alas! I have no longer a mother.—Slowly she wasted away till her weary spirit longed to quit its earthly tabernacle, and find rest in its heavenly home. I thought I was willing to give her up, she had suffered so long and so much. I calmly closed her eyes in death, and felt relieved when I knew she was at rest; but now she is gone, and I am left alone, there are moments when a gloomy sadness fills my heart, and if I could not weep, its aching chords would break. Yet I am not alone—the Father hath not forsaken me, and "the cup he hath given me, shall I not drink it?" I know it is all for the best, and I would not recall her again, to suffer and die.

"I know she has gone to the home of her rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know she has gone, where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
In her far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe she has visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign."

She had lived even to the years of second childhood, yet she was not childish. In health she was always reasonable and consistent, and when sickness came upon her, and she could no longer assist me in the duties of life, she would often cheer me in my labors with her kind words of sympathy and consolation; and sadly now do I miss her kind voice when I am weary or sick, or mournful. "What should I do," she would say to me, "if I had not such a child to take care of me? I hope you will be rewarded for it, but I shall live to wear you all out."

"Mother," I replied, "the reward is in the deed. I am glad that I am able to take care of you, and hope that I shall be as long as you live." And that desire was granted. The promise that, "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be," was in this respect fulfilled, for it often seemed that nothing but strength from above could have kept me from failing, through the long weary days and sleepless nights that I watched by her bedside. But it is all over now. The autumn winds are chanting a plaintive requiem above her new-made grave, and the "sere and yellow leaves" are falling around her place of rest; fit emblems are they of the decline of human life.

"Peace to her gentle shade!" When spring returns again, if I am still a sojourner on earth, a marble monument shall tell who sleeps beneath that grassy mound, and flowers shall bloom, where now the faded leaves are floating round. Hope shall point upward to her heavenly home, and I will "think of her calmly and pleasantly, as one for whom it is well to be fled and gone."

Putney, Vt. Oct. 22d, 1848.

ANOTHER LEGAL MURDER.

The following is an account, or rather an extract from the account of the execution of Harris Bell, at Honesdale, Wayne Co., Pa. That such scenes should be enacted in a Christian land and under the sanction of a Christian community, is enough to make a downright skeptic of any one, who has one spark of humanity in his bosom. Men have no desire to fall in with a system that persists in approving what their better natures teaches them is a gross wrong: and sooner will they unite together and form systems of their own, than be the panders to palpable error. They will say, "You say that your Bible emanated from an all-wise, and all-merciful and unchangeable Being: it says 'thou shalt not kill.' You believe that doctrine, and yet you approve a violation of it, when it is done under the saction of human laws! Away with a system that harbors such gross inconsistencies." It may be proper to state, that Bell is not believed to have been a man of knowledge much surpassing a brute; and his look and manner betoken more of the animal by far, than of the intellectual man. But to the extract. J. C. H.

Sheriff Wood, now came forward and said, "Bell, if you have anything you wish to say, say it now."

Here Bell arose, and in a very loud voice and in a manner which evinced his deep excitement, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: I am going to the kingdom of Heaven. I have prayed many a day for more than a year and God has forgiven my sins. I now stand on the gallows, but this night I shall be in Paradise Oh! Glory to God for his goodness and great mercy to me, I hope God will bless you all, and that he may bless the Sheriff and his family.

Gentlemen: I wish to meet you all in Heaven. I hope I shall see every one of you there. I here forgive my enemies and prosecutors. And my prayer to God is to forgive me for the sake of him who died on the cross.

Here he paused, and Sheriff Wood proceeded to adjust the fatal cord. After all was fixed, Bell added in a lower tone:

"When this platform leaves my feet, my neck is broke and I land in Heaven. Gentlemen, let me entreat you by my example to bring up your children right, and not to the gallows. And take warning from me to govern your passions.

The Sheriff now announced to Bell that he had five minutes to live, and Rev. H. A. Rowland approaching said:

"Bell do you feel that you can trust in your Saviour?"

Bell. "I feel that I do."

"Do you wish to unite with me in prayer?"

Bell. "I do."

The Sheriff then drew down the cap, and Mr. Rowland in his fervent and eloquent manner commended him to the mercy of God. At the close of the prayer the platform fell, and Bell was launched into eternity. He fell about four feet. For a moment his hands were clenched convulsively, but gradually relaxed. At intervals for five minutes slight tremors

were perceptible, after which no appearance of life was manifested.

The platform fell at ten minutes past two. After he had been suspended fifteen minutes one, of the physicians present felt the wrist for the pulse and declared life extinct. He was, however, suffered to remain till half past two, and then taken down dead. The penalty of the law was paid.

When the doors were thrown open, the crowd rushed in, perfectly frantic to feast their eyes on the victim of the law. Even a cord which was accidentally lying on the scaffold was seized and divided in pieces among them under the impression that it had been used in hanging. And an old man pl ad most earnestly for a small piece, saying that he had promised *a woman* to get her a part of it. The rope however which was used had been secured before the crowd came in.

Heartily sickened with the scenes I had witnessed, I left the place. I had gone there that I might be a witness of the effect which Capital Punishment produces on the masses, and I came away for the first time in my life doubting the correctness of the doctrines I have hitherto advocated. M.

Hyde Park, Oct. 1848.

THE ENGLISH.

Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, the well known American authoress, has recently made a tour in England, and is now publishing an extended account of her observations in that country. We extract the following Skeches o England's Queen, and English females:

THE QUEEN.—She seemed to us much plainer in every respect than any picture of her we had seen. Her complexion is far from clear, her figure diminutive, her dress devoid of taste. Doubtless the circumstance of her being in mourning detracted a good deal from the elegance of her appearance. She was dressed entirely in black, without even the relief of a white collar, or *manchettes*, a style particularly ill-suited to her figure and complexion. The Prince looks like a substantial German Baron, not ill-favored, but quite behind the notion one gets of him from his portrait. If the Queen had married him for the strength of the impression made by one of these flattering semblances, she must have been sadly disappointed; but she was happily preserved from any danger of so fatal a mistake, by an early acquaintance with the Prince, her cousin, who studied with her under the same masters for two or three years. They are said to be truly happy in their domestic relations; and the English have a deep respect for the private character of their monarch. They consider her a model wife and mother. She is extremely systematic, and makes a point of superintending personally all the arrangements for the comfort and improvement of her children, reading all the books which are provided for their use, and acquainting herself with the character of those who have charge of them. We were amused to hear that the Queen of England does not like literary people; that she excludes them, as far as possible, from the court; and, in fact, considers having produced a book as equivalent to loss of caste. A person who had by dint of great science and ingenuity perfected a plan by means of which the public interest was essentially benefitted, embodied the result of his studies in a book, highly esteemed by the critics and the public. It was proposed by a certain lady at court to present this gentleman, on the strength of this merit; but the Queen absolutely declined receiving him, *because* of his literary character. Some one suggested that he had served with honor in the army, upon which ground her majesty consented to receive him. But the gentleman very properly declined appearing at court on these terms; so that her majesty was after all the only person presented in the affair. Somebody says there is hardly a magistrate that does not commit himself twice as often as he commits any one else. But the Queen is only proving her legitimacy; for who ever heard of one of her family as a patron, or even an admirer of literature?

ENGLISH BEAUTY.—With a strong prepossession in favor of English beauty, and a notion that such an occasion as the drawing room would afford a fine field for the display of it, we must confess to have been disappointed in our search. Very few of the ladies we saw were more than comely; a large proportion fell behind even that. One beautiful woman there was, whom we were led to suppose to be the Marchioness of Douro, though we could not ascertain it. We were told that that lady, daughter-in law of the Duke of Wellington, and the Duchess of Argyll, daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, were the only conspicuously beautiful women at court. Neither among the common people, in the streets of London, or in the country towns did we observe the fresh complexion and buxom air which we had been taught to expect. Low-life beauty seems to have been spoiled by factories; and if there was rural beauty we did not see it. Pretty children one sees in abundance every where—and so nicely kept! It seems to us that nobody knows so well how to care for the physique of children as the English. They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich, heavy, high-seasoned dishes of their parents. Oat-meal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simple dinner at one o'clock, the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven. Exercise is considered one of the necessaries of life; and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air, the proper form of it. It might be superfluous to notice any thing so obvious, if it were not that so many people in good circumstances, with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school-rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air as a daily requisite. We wish nothing so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well-ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors, as the English, who have certainly brought the system to great perfection, both as respects the comfort and advantage of parents and children.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

THE OLD POPLAR TREE.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

When I was a small boy there was an old, poplar tree not far from where I lived. It stood fronting the residence of one of my young companions, with whom I was very intimate, and was most stately and venerable in its appearance.

During the warm season it was our favorite place of resort, particularly i he afternoon, when we loved to sit under it in the cool shade, to whittle and talk over our juvenile affairs. And then it was always made "home" when we were playing "hide and seek," which was one of our greatest games. After tea, sometimes when our mothers would kindly permit us to remain out of doors a short time in the evening, we would gather around the old poplar tree and tell stories. We generally "took turns" in repeating our tales, each one making up his story as he went along, and the one who could tell the wildest, strangest, most unnatural thing, was listened to with the greatest interest, and was thought to be the smartest fellow. If th evening happened to be dark, and the story about ghosts o robbers of some kind, we would find ourselves drawing gradually closer and closer together, probably from the fact that fear as well as misery likes company.

Well, as I was going to tell you, that old tree is still standing where it stood long years ago. But it is not the same tree it then was for beauty and stateliness. Time, who changes all things, has shorn it of its fair proportions. As it began to decay a part of it was blown down by the wind, and now it stands but a shadow of its former greatness.

While I look upon it as it now stands, I cannot but think of the many pleasant scenes that were long ago enacted beneath it, scenes in which I took a conspicuous part; I look around and ask e If where those are who shared my boyish sports beneath that old tree? Alas! they are scattered far and wide! Most of them have grown up to man's estate, and others are fast coming on to the stage of active life. Many have moved

away to distant parts of the country, while a few only remain to tread the paths their fathers trod. Some are engaged in honorable occupations, while others are devoting their time and talents to the devising of wickedness, a burden to themselves, and a source of misery to their friends. One of the brightest of that youthful band died last summer in Mexico, whither he had gone to engage in the war then existing between that country and our own. I have written some verses which I hope you will read, and have inscribed them to

THE OLD POPLAR TREE.

Time-honored Tree! upon thy brow,
The leaves are few and scattered now,
And Autumn's rudely blowing breeze,
Has dimned the verdant pride of these,
And they are falling fast around
Upon the cold and frozen ground.

I view with sadness thy decline,
Thou relic of the olden time,
For round thee cluster memories
Of vanished years, of childish glees,
Of comrades, who beneath the shade,
With me in laughing childhood played.

And now, whene'er I think of thee,
Old fast decaying Poplar Tree,
I mind me of the happy time
When thou wert in thy glorious prime,
And I was but a little child,
And deemed that all of life was mild.

Full well do I remember me
Of those whose hearts were tuned to glee,
Who when the curtains of the night
Shut out the glowing day from sight,
Have sat around thy trunk and told
Unnumbered wondrous tales and old.

Where are these dear companions, who
Were then so gentle, kind and true?
Alas! but few of them remain
Untouched by sin's unholy stain—
But few of that once cheery band
The influence of his wi se withstand.

What marvel, when such thoughts as these,
Such troops of mournful memories,
Come thronging from the curt ined past,
And hold me in the spell they cast,
That my forgetless heart should feel
A shadow o'er its dial steal?

What marvel, too, that I should mourn
To see thee of thy glory shorn,
To see thy verdure waxing pale,
Before the harsh, autumnal gale,
And see thee passing thus away
To the dim mansions of decay?

A few more fleeting years will pass
As breath-stain from the window glass,
And thou wilt moulder into dust,
And earth receive thy form in trust,
And then forgotten all will be
Thy faded glory, Poplar Tree!

a, N. Y., 1848.

GRANNY BENDER.

In my younger days I was what people call "a wild chap," and I rather think, was something of a high boy. Anything like fun stirred me from the bottom, and the way I went it sometimes when I was stirred, people said was rather curious.

I believe my respect for religious people was not quite so high as it ought to have been—not as high as it is now. This grew out of two things—a defective education and thoughtlessness. Ten or fifteen years added to my mortal life has sobered me somewhat, and at this present writing, I own to a profound respect for religion.—I state this that neither the gay nor the thoughtful reader may misunderstand me, if the story I am going to relate should seem to deal with some levity in matters held sacred. I think the rebuke I got, often as I have laughed at it since, put the laugh completely on me and my companions.

There resided in my neighborhood a poor widow, whose means of support were exceedingly limited. Between nursing herself for the rheumatism, and spinning and knitting, most of her lonely time was passed. I am ashamed to say that on one or two occasions, I joined some wild young chaps in playing tricks upon her, such as making unusual noises about the house of nights, smoking her almost to death by putting a board over the top of her low and mud-built chimney, and such like doings that we thought rare sport; but for which we deserved a little wholesome chastisement, if there had been any one authorized to administer it.

One night, soon after dark, it happened that I was returning home in company with a merry fellow about my age, and had to go by old Granny Bender's cottage. I had been into the town, and was bringing home a couple of baker's loaves, of which some of our folks were as fond as city people are for getting now and then a good state of country "home made."

"Tom," said I, as the old woman's cottage came in sight at a turn in the road, "suppose we have a little fun with Granny Bender?"

"Agreed," was Tom's answer, for he was always ready for sport.

We had not fully decided upon what we would do, when we came up to the cottage and paused to settle our mode of annoyance.

The only light within was the dim flickering of a few sticks burning on the hearth. As we stood near the window, listening to what was going on inside, we found that Granny was praying, and a little to our surprise, asking for food.

"As she expects to get bread from heaven," said I irreverently, "I suppose she will have to be accommodated."

And, turning from the window, I climbed up noiselessly to the top of her chimney, a feat of no difficulty, and tumbled the two loaves down.

When I reached the window again in order to see what effect this mode of supply would have upon Granny Bender, I found the good old creature on her knees, piously thanking God for having answered her prayer.

"That's cool," said I to Tom; "now isn't it?"

"I rather think it is," replied Tom.

"And is the old woman really such a fool as to think that the Lord answered her prayer, and sent her well baked loaves of bread down the chimney?"

"No doubt of it."

"It won't do to let her labor under this mistake; no, never in the world," said I.

"Hollo, Granny!" And I threw open the window, and pushed my laughing face into the room.

She had risen from her knees; and was about putting a piece of bread into her mouth.

"Now, Granny Bender!" said I, "it isn't possible that you believe that bread came from heaven? Why, you old sinner! I threw it down the chimney."

By this time the old woman's countenance was turned fully towards me, and by the dim light of the feeble fire, I could see there were tears of thankfulness upon her faded, withered face. The expression of that face did not in the least change, though there was a deep rebuke in the tones of her voice as well as in the words she uttered, as she said—

"The Lord sent it, if the devil brought it!"

You may be sure that I vanished *instanter*, while Tom clapped his hands and shouted,

"Good! good! Too good! Oh, dear! but the old lady was too much for you that time!"—with sundry other expressions of like tenor. I tried to laugh with him as we went off home,

and did laugh, perhaps, as loud as he did; but, somehow or other the laugh didn't appear to do me any good.

After that, I let Granny Bender alone.

SERVICES IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH IN NORWICH.

The Pastor of this Church, Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds, will commence Sabbath evening, Nov. 19th, a series of Discourses on the following subject: Universalism; its nature, its evidences and its claims. One discourse on this subject will be given every Sabbath evening following, until the completion of the series.

During the fall and winter, Discourses will also be delivered in this Church, on various controverted passages of scripture, on the Reformation in the sixteenth Century (a series of four discourses,) and on other subjects connected with the theory, history and pratice of Christianity.

A CONFERENCE

Of the Ontario Association of Universalists will be held in the Methodist church, in the town of Orleans, three mile from Clifton Springs, on the 22d and 23d days of November.

Brs. Montgomery, the Austins, Case, Ackley, and other ministers, east and west, are invited to attend. Those who come on the cars, will stop at Clifton Springs and call on Edwin Warner, who will provide them with home and conveyance. Per order,

J. R. JOHNSON, *Standing Clerk.*

Victor, November 1, 1848.

THE NEW YORK UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The above named Society will hold a Public Meeting next Monday evening in the Orchard-street church, at 8 o'clock. Br. Balch, who has lately returned from a foreign tour, will make an address on Universalism in Europe. The other Clergymen in the city and neighborhood are also expected to be present and contribute to the interest of the occasion. Our friends in this city and vicinity are invited to attend.

H. LYON, *Recording Secretary.*

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. O. A. Skinner will preach a sermon on the morning of the Fourth Sunday of this month—his fourth Sermon on Creeds. It will not be postponed again.

On the evening of the fourth Sunday, he will preach on Mark ix. 43, 44. Subject, the undying worm and unquenchable fire.

Br. Bulkeley, will preach in Woodbridge, N. J. the third Sunday in November, at 1-4 before 11 A. M., and in the School house near Br. Tappan's in the evening.

Br. Elliott will preach in the school house on Chestnut Hill, near Br. Finch's, on Saturday evening, Nov. 25th; in Westport, Sunday 26th, and in the Townhouse in Norwalk, in the evening.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, send Ladies Repository from commencement of present vol. to Jacob Horne, No. 4. Liberty place in this city, credit him $2 and charge to this office.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wood, Capt. FREDERICK ARNET, of New Orleans, to Miss ANN ELIZA BERRY, of this city.

New Orleans and Mobile papers please copy.

In Danbury, Oct. 8, by the Rev. T. Elliott, Mr. SHERMAN DISBROW, to Miss HARRIET SCOFIELD.

By the same, Nov. 6th, Mr. Wm. C. Benedict, of Bridgeport, to Miss Samantha Dibble, of Danbury.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 12th inst., Francis Augusta, only son of Mr. Diederich M. Havemeyer.

In this city, Oct. 29th, Mary, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Cowperthwaite, aged 2 months.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE

NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons, and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do every thing in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and useful paper.

TERMS.

The MESSENGER will be Published every Saturday, at TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance; to which *Fifty Cents* will be added if not paid within Six months from the time of subscribing.

Persons sending us *Ten Dollars*, shall receive *six* copies, or *Twenty Dollars, Thirteen* copies.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO.

Messenger Office, 140 *Fulton-street, N. Y.*, Oct. 30, 1848.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR,

Is published weekly, in octavo form, and contains all the important reading of the Messenger. It is printed on good paper, well pressed, and neatly folded. It will make a handsome volume, at the end of the year, of *eight hundred and thirty-two* large octavo pages, filled with interesting and profitable reading, worthy of preservation. This is the only weekly journal in the denomination whose form makes it convenient for the library. It is furnished to single subscribers at $2 50. Persons sending $12 00 shall receive six copies, and $24.00 thirteen copies.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$5 25a5 50	Beef per. bbl.	5 50a9 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 25	" Prime Mess, trce.	18 50
" Western, "	95a1 15	Lard, per lb.,	7a 8
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	3 25a3 31	Cheese, "	6 1 2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	72a73 1-2	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	19a21
" mixed, "	67a68 1-2	" Western "	15a17
" New Orleans, "	65a66	" Ohio Common,	10a11
Rye, "	66	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	26
Oats, "	34a35	" L'pool grnd, sack,	1 05a1 10
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	$13 00	" " fine, "	1 25a1 35
" Prime, "	8 87 9	Wool pulled	23 a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	40a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	15a17
Hops, per lb.,	9 1-2a10 1-2	Clover " per lb.,	5 1-2a6
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 18a1 20

New-York Cattle Market....Monday, Nov. 13.

At market 1600 Beef Cattle, 50 Cows and Calves, and 4,800 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—Are not offered so numerously; the supplies coming in from the country diminish as the season advances, but prices since our last have undergone considerable change, and the sales warrant our quoting he higher rates obtained, 7 00 cwt—but there have been transactions to a considerable extent at $6. The demand at these prices has been tolerably active, and not more than 150 head remained unsold at the close of the week's business.

COWS AND CALVES—All sold at prices ranging, as in quality, from $20 to $35 a 50

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prices of 1 35 to 75 a 3 75; Lambs 75c. a 1 75 to 2 75. 400 left over.